

THE
REQUEST,
A
POEM

*Unite yet to friendly Purpose bent,
To soften Care, and banish Discontent.*



L O N D O N :

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THE R E Q U E S T.

WHILE some insatiate murmur at their Fate,
And think that to be happy's to be great;

Give me ye Pow'rs, in calm Obscurity

A little Fortune, from Incumbrance free,

My Love, my faithful Friends, and Liberty.

Let creeping Spirits court the Great, let me

Enjoy an happy Independency;

Whene'er the Patron speaks he gives us Laws,

Demands Compliance, and expects Applause,

(4)
Like eastern Subjects tamely we obey,
And follow tho' blind Folly leads the Way.

10

If e'er compell'd to seek the Aid of Friends,
Enable me to render just amends ;
Insensible is he who feels not Pain,
Beneath the tyrant Obligation's reign ;
For tho' the Friend be generously kind,
Still Obligation will enslave the Mind ;
Like Oil still uppermost the Favour lies,
Brings in Restraint, and noble Freedom flies ;
For least our Sentiments should give Offence,
We tacitly comply, and forfeit Sense.

15

20

As for my Residence—No matter where,
Provided I can breathe a wholesome Air,
Enjoy whate'er untainted Health can bring,
And see the Beauties of the ope'ning Spring.
Some anxious range the Town and Country round ;
Is Happiness confin'd to certain Ground ?

25

No

No—Happiness regards not Residence
 Provided she can meet with Innocence;
 Oft turns her Back upon the scepter'd Queen, 30
 And oft is in the homely Cottage seen;
 Embraces *Peg*, shakes Hands with honest *John*,
 And values not what Bed she lies upon,
 No matter where, or how your House is built,
 She surely quits it, at the approach of Guilt. 35

As well be spread the hospitable Board,
 As just Oeconomy will e'er afford;
 Much real Joy have I in social Treat,
 But scorn the Customs that promote Deceit;
 The Visits that for Fashion sake are made 40
 Must be accepted—Need not be repaid:
 We neither should inhospitable seem,
 Nor visit those unworthy our Esteem;
 Whatever Time on Triflers we bestow,
 We certainly to real Friendship owe; 45
 And

And better once to give a light Offence
Than be subjected to Impertinence.

No noisy midnight Routs can ever please ;
Alas, what Happiness is found in these !
Envy, Detraction, constantly attend ; 30
An hundred Visitors—Yet not one Friend.
Alas ! How very weak, how thoughtless they,
Who cannot find Employment for the Day ;
On lolling Indolence bestow their Prime,
And impiously boast of killing Time. 55
Our common Father surely did ordain
A Task for each, for nought he made in vain :
Be ev'ry Morn the grateful Tribute paid,
Just Praises offer, and implore his Aid ;
By frequent Study seek t'enlarge the Mind, 60
And keep the Passions properly confin'd ;
That our Endeavours gracious Heav'n may bless,
Let us with friendly Hand remove Distress ;

With

With Care avoiding ostentatious Show,
 Seek bashful Want, and dry the Tears of Woe; 65
 Neglecting no Improvement in our Pow'r :
 And Friendship calls for ev'ry vacant Hour.

O ye that wrapt in Indolence complain
 Of tedious Days, in Solitude, in Pain,
 To this short Precept earnestly attend, 70
 " Man's Life's but just sufficient for it's End."

Let Gluttons, Drunkards, never know my Door,
 For what's in Riot spent should fill the Poor :
 Sharp Want appeas'd their Morals may be free,
 For Want's the mightiest Foe to Honesty ; 75
 Tho' Avarice is often Virtue's Bane,
 Yet Avarice may often plead in vain,
 But Hunger seldom fails her Point to gain.
 Give then, ye Wealthy, when the Needy crave,
 For timely Help may sinking Virtue save. 80

Keep

Keep far from me all those who fraught with Guile
 Admiring sit, and with affected Smile
 Meanly assent whatever you advance,
 And take Servility for Complaisance.

Child of Humanity, Politeness hail! 85
 Whether I meet thee in the humble Vale
 At Straw-roof'd Cottage, or in Lordly Town:
 In Shape of Courtier, or of Rustic Clown,
 Alike I bid thee Welcome;—Thou art free
 Alike from Harshness and Servility; 90
 Of thy blest Aid oft boast vain Fashion's Fools
 Who just conform to Ceremony's Rules;
 So does the maud'ling Bacchanalian Slave
 Believe that Insolence will prove him Brave.
 A noble Frankness o'er thy Lips presides, 95
 And sweet Benevolence thy Conduct guides;
 Unmerited Applause ne'er came from thee,
 For thou despisest Insincerity;

Unheeding Greatness, dost thyself confine
To those in whom fair Truth and Wisdom shine. 100

Be all mine Intercourse to such confin'd
Whose Conversation will improve my Mind;
Humane enough to let me bear a Part;
Whose Wit can cheer, yet not corrupt the Heart;
Not Birth-Day Shews, nor Balls, nor Pageantry, 105
Nor all the glitt'ring Pomp of Courts, to me
Are worth one Hour in such Society. }

My Drefs be such my Fortune bids me wear,
Not out of Fashion, least the Mob should stare;
Too little Care admits of Ridicule: 110
Too much Attention proves a Man a Fool:
Tho' not a Fop, I'd never shew Neglect,
A decent Habit will command Respect.

For my Amusements, such as these I'd chuse,
If happy Thoughts arose, I'd seek the Muse 115

Delighting chiefly in the Moral Page:

—But who alas escapes the Critic's Rage!

How many Authors Authors doom to Shame,

How very few allow a little Fame!

Few Readers Praise, but many find you dull, 120

For each Fool tries you by his standard Scull:

And Works intended for the Public Good,

May thrice be censur'd, e'er once understood.

Oft in my Study, from Intrusion free,

With Shakespear, Milton, Dryden, Pope, I'd be; 125

Pause at each Line with precious Wisdom fraught,

And strive to banish ev'ry wand'ring Thought;

For take this Maxim—Who for Profit reads,

Must follow closely when the Poet leads,

To lofty Hills or Vales or flow'ry Meads; 130

And when on spreading Wings you see him rise

Flutter and try to trace him as he flies.

Thus does the Lark her quiv'ring young ones teach

By growing Flights at length the Skies to reach.

Some-

Sometimes I'd view great Shakespear on the Stage ; 135
 But shun the idle Farces of the Age ;
 I'd often join the Sons of Harmony,
 For Musick has a thousand Charm to me ;
 And tho' it must to Poetry give place,
 It adds to Poetry a charming Grace ; 140
 Musick commands each aching Thought to cease,
 And lulls the sympthetick Soul to Peace.

For rosey Health I'd dig my Garden round,
 And range the Fields, for oft unsought she's found, }
 By whist'ling Ploughmen 'midst the fragrant Ground. 145
 The Sportsman eager to enjoy the Chace,
 E'er Morn appears leaves gentle Sleep's Embrace.
 For me, I would not chuse to rise too soon,
 An early Morning makes a drowfy Noon ;
 To shun Disease observe this Precept true, 150
 Nor more nor less give Nature than her Due.

On Summers Nights 'twere weak the Fields to roam,
 The chilling Dews are then returning home;
 Keep in, if you'd avoid the noxious Blast,
 For then the wholesome Season's surely past. 155

Oft, when the bleak breath'd Tyrant, Winter reigns,
 And with his icy Fingers chills the Veins,
 To rouse the stagnant Blood let Mirth advance,
 And smiling lead the recreative Dance.
 But quit your Pastime e'er the Spirits flag, 160
 In Time depart or Venus is an Hag;
 Be this a Rule, let more give Place to less,
 For Nature ever sickens at Excess.

Let me, good Heav'n, nor fell Ambition vex,
 Nor mad'ning Politics my Mind perplex; 165
 Deep Politicians ev'ry where abound,
 Who all their Hearers, and themselves confound;
 Licentious rave, and boasting they are free,
 Become Disturbers of Society;

Scarce

Scarce knowing which is Left, or which is Right, 170

Pretend to teach the Gen'ral how to Fight:

Observe says one, with Finger dipt in Wine,

This, Sir, was ours---and this,---the Frenchman's line;

But e'er he makes a single Frenchman fly,

His System's vanish'd, and the Table's dry. 175

In settling Peace the Patriot grows hoarse,

And makes his Fortune and his Country worse;

On this, or that Event, his All will bett,

Curfes the Winds, and Sighs for a Gazette;

And tho' his Credit all Mankind refuse 180

He feels no Want so much---as Want of News.

Domestic Happiness my Study be;

The Interest of States is nought to me,

Nor Party Rage; so I live unintrall'd,

I care not who's in Place, nor who's install'd; 185

Or Scot or Briton; I ne'er judge from Names,

Nor know Distinction but what Virtue claims;

And

(And Virtue, fragrant Plant, alike is found
 In ev'ry Clime, on ev'ry sort of Ground;
 Or tell me Murm'ers, tell me if ye can,
 Which is the Country for an honest Man!)
 Nor join in Clamour, nor in mad Applause;
 Nor grudge the needful Tax, nor blame the Laws;
 In quiet Mansion let me laugh and sing,
 A peaceful Subject to a virtuous King.

Be my Behaviour ever kind and just,
 Nor let me break, nor soon repose a Trust;
 Mine Ear to Whisp'ers may I still refuse,
 And strive to hinder foul Detraction's views;
 Not shy to those I know of Virtue, Sense,
 But give my Love unbounded confidence;
 In any Trouble of Man's various Life,
 What Friend is equal to a faithful Wife;
 Who can like her alleviate his Care;
 Who will like her his poignant Sorrows share!

The Man that in his wedded Love shall find
 The Friend to whom he may unfold his Mind ;
 Whose honest Soul still brightens at each Test ;
 If yet he lock the Secret in her Breast ;
 And shunning her embrace the Trust refuse ; 210
 Will some good Counsel or much Comfort lose ;
 If Sickness comes, she kindly strives to cheer,
 Shews all her Tenderness, but hides her Fear,
 And turns aside to dry the falling Tear ; }
 Prophetic she foretels a good Night's rest, 215
 And ev'ry Medicine she gives is blest.

Of Friendship Masculine the Poets sing,
 Bedeck, and then adore the gaudy Thing ;
 Infatiate tease the Muse to tune her Lays,
 And tire soft Eloquence with giving Praise ; 220
 Let them say on, or sing their lofty Strains,
 And take the painted Idol for their Pains ;
 For me, in spite of School-men, I confess
 There's nought to me like female Tenderneſs ;

My

My gentle Love and faithful Friend in one 225

Would so exalt, that I could envy none;

Grant then ye Pow'rs, that Love and Friendship join,

And make the precious Composition mine;

But that I may deserve the charming Fair,

Give me of mental Good an equal Share; 230

My Heart to Virtue's rules let Reason win,

And as my Life, so let my Love begin.

O lovely Innocence, how sweet thy Charms!

How weak is he that quits thy peaceful Arms!

How sweet thy Slumbers! Not the Emp'ror's pow'r 235

Can e'er procure him one such blisful Hour;

Not all the wrinkl'd Miser precious deems,

Affords such happy Days, and smiling Dreams.

Mark me thou Lover—With a Parent's Care

I strictly charge thee, guard this precious Fair; 240

Well arm thyself, my sage Advice regard—

And Love, and Innocence be thy reward.

O thou who didst the Chains of Hymen chuse,
 Accept the Warnings of my friendly Muse;
 Not seeking Praise, but meaning Good to thee, 245
 To keep thy Mind from causeless Jealousy.

By Satan mission'd, round thy Chair await,
 A dreadful Crew, to blast thy happy State;
 First—grinning Flattery with frequent Bow,
 Will right or wrong thy Sentiments avow. 250

Behold Infination! fraught with Woe;
 Little he says, but much he seems to know;
 By Looks expressive and mysterious Phrase,
 And Nods, and Winks, can foul Suspicion raise.

Full of Importance see Intelligence! 255
 Who means thy Good, and asks no Recompence.

Detraction seems a rude, but real Friend,
 Anxious the Morals of Mankind to mend;

C

Professing

Professing to regard nor Time, nor Place,
Yet binds to secrecy, and dreads Disgrace. 260

This horrid Train will haunt thy Solitude,
And pleading sacred Friendship, oft intrude;
But ne'er from these important Maxims swerve,
Treat all Incendiaries as they deserve;
Acquaint no Mortal if you've ta'en Offence, 265
You give the Hearer too much Consequence;
Each time you tell the Tale, your Anger gains,
Your Wrongs seem greater and increase your Pains;
And what you utter'd when to Anger bent,
When calm Reflection comes you must repent. 270
But shun Resentment in all petty Things;
The little heats that human Frailty brings,
Thy keen Resentment never can allay;
A mild Behaviour is a certain Way;
To strive by equal Passion were a Toil 275
Like his who strove to quench the Flame with Oil.

Again

Again observe ; If you would happy live,
 When sued for Pardon gen'rously forgive ;
 One unforgiven angry Word may prove
 The total Ruin of a tender Love ; 280
 If Reconcilement still thou dost refuse,
 And will not the acknowledg'd Fault excuse,
 Thy Mate may doubt thy Love, perhaps repent,
 And by avoiding thee thy Fault resent ;
 Thus nourish'd, Hatred will not fail to grow, 285
 And thus a Moment's Pride cause Years of Woe.

Lov'd Woman ! thou whom bounteous Heav'n thought meet
 To give, to make Man's earthly Bliss compleat ;
 Think not thy Form alone can make him blest,
 But let thy Love and Virtue stand confest ; 290
 Be anxious thou the tortur'd Mind to ease,
 Nor spare Endeavours constantly to please ;
 Yet use but honest Arts, for certain Woe
 Attends if thou Dissimulation know ;

Sweet Love, that radiant shines thro' all Disguise, 295
 Alike mean Imitation's Pow'r defies ;
 Whatever Joys the human Heart may know,
 The sympathetic Face will plainly show ;
 And something forc'd, designing, selfish, mean,
 Is e'er in the pretended Lover seen ;
 The smooth tongu'd Hypocrite thro' all disguise
 We soon perceive, and constantly despise ;
 For nothing sooner our Contempt will move,
 Nor ought so nauseous as affected Love.

Let not thy Love of Sway thy Spouse disgrace, 305
 But be contented with the second Place ;
 The World, if thou thy Husband seem to rule,
 Will censure thee, and note him for a Fool.

If happy thou possesse thy Husband's Heart,
 Take special Heed thou ne'er from Sense depart ; 310
 Some fondled Wives Maturity have flown ;
 At Thirty I've a second Childhood known ;

For

For Infant Folly Reason set at nought;
This wondrous Change Indulgence oft has wrought;
Be this thy Conduct; if thy Spouse is kind 315
Make just Returns and shew an equal Mind;
Else should his Tenderneſs thy Reason ſpoil,
And wayward Humours thy Behaviour ſoil,
Thy Humours will he curſe, thy Perſon hate,
Deſpiſe thy Meaneſs and lament his Fate. 320

Does Wit adorn thy Speech?—O then beware
Of Vanity, thy Conſort ever ſpare:
How very weak it were to let thy Voice
Proclaim that thou haſt erred in thy Choice!
O Cruel, wilt thou wound thy faithful Mate! 325
This is thy Punishment; a growing Hate
Shall ſeize thine injur'd Conſort, Love ſhall ceaſe,
And thou alas! ſhalt forfeit all thy Peace.

The Husband will be oft inclin'd to roam,
Who cannot find a decent, cleanly Home; 330
Yet

Yet guard against Extremes, she's much to blame
 Who toils to gain the curious Housewife's Fame;
 The curious Housewife is an errant Scold,
 And Inconsistent as the Miser old;
 Like him, to social Joys a Stranger, she 335
 Like him a Foe to Hospitality;
 Tho' ever blind to all but selfish Views,
 Like him possesses what she dare not use.
 Again observe; if you your Peace regard,
 The Servant that you find unfit, discard; 340
 By no means enter into any Broil,
 For frequent Chidings will your Temper spoil;
 Humanely treat your Servant, ne'ertheless
 You need not hazard your own Happiness;
 Remove the Cause and the Effect will cease; 345
 The Husband find his House an House of Peace.

In Company not fond, but ever kind;
 Such best can shew a steady, upright Mind;
 Too oft indeed with bashful Eye I see
 Some fondling Pairs nigh turn out Decency;

Indelicate Behaviour gives Offence
 To ev'ry one of Virtue and of Sense;
 Your Reputation on this Rule depends,
 Let none behold the Lovers, all the Friends.

With Coxcombs never jest; their Vanity 355
 Will very often misinterpret thee;
 The Husband if he be a Man of Sense,
 Will at your light Behaviour take Offence,
 And they in private laugh at your Expence;
 To such as these you ever should observe 360
 Politeness temper'd with a due Reserve;
 Nor fancied Wit admir'd, nor prided Dress,
 Such Trifflers sink to former Nothingness.

Be not at home to silly Female Fops,
 Who waste their Time in visiting the Shops, 365
 Attending Auctions, and amidst the Noise
 Of glitt'ring Multitudes have plac'd their Joys;

Who.

Who blindfold are by empty ~~Business~~ led;
 And oft on Decency and ~~Virtue~~ tread;
 Who of the Marriage Rate can make a Jest;
 By wedding any Fool that bids the best;
 Shun these, or you will quit Domestic Life,

And grow a rambling, thoughtless, idle Wretch;
 Sway'd by pernicious Counsel still you roam;
 Meet Vice abroad, and Discontent at home.

Ever do thou those shameless People shun,
 Who tell the Tale obscene, and term it Fun;
 I've even heard the Matron far in Years,
 Who for her Children had a Mother's Fears,
 With Jest's immodest yet pollute their Ears;
 A Moral Lecture give Then in a Trice

Throw in an equal Quantity of Vice,
 As if in doubt which should th' ascendant gain;
 She did her best a Balance to maintain;
 Forgive kind Reader that my Muse has smil'd,
 And has this once my serious Thought beguil'd,

Tho'

Tho' sportive, she was fraught with good Intent ;
 Her chief Delight is Humane Sentiment.

An Heart corrupt, an Understanding mean,
 Are ever found in him whose Talk's obscene ; 390
 He, like the curst Serpent, licks the Ground,
 And deals the deadly Venom all around ;
 A fulsome Jester is an Hell-born Fiend,
 Who sometimes claims the sacred Name of Friend,
 Or apes the Wit ; and often stands behind
 The Mask of Humour to pervert the Mind ;
 Do thou dear Innocent give Ear to nought
 That tends to soil thy Purity of Thought ;
 Sweet Delicacy lengthens Beauty's Reign,
 But Impudence unlocks the Lover's Chain ; 400
 In vain th' unblushing Woman spreads her Charms ;
 We neither court her Smiles, nor prize her Arms ;
 Love beams not from the Harlot's dauntless Eye,
 Nor Tenderness, nor sweet Attraction nigh ;

Enchanting Modesty once fled, in vain
 Shall Beauty seek her Empire to regain;
 Ah quickly fly, nor think the Danger past,
 For Virtue further shrinks at ev'ry Blast.
 What may to-day be mocking to thy Ear,
 Without a Blush to-morrow shall thou hear
 Vice like an able Gen'ral takes the Field,
 By slow Approaches makes the Fortrels yield;
 With Diligence he carries on each Line,
 And silently prepares the fatal Mine;
 Patiently waits to give the dreadful Blow,
 And e'er the weak Belleged tread the Pow,
 Spreads horrid Desolation round and Woe,
 Do thou, O Husband, thou selected Friend,
 To ev'ry Precept of my Muse attend;
 Untun'd, but yet to Friendly Purpose bent,
 To soften Care, and banish Discontent;
 Such are the Points my Muse has now in View,
 And gaining them is certain Gain to you;

Keep

Keep thou her Path, and ev'ry Foot-step blest,
For she shall be a Guide to Happiness.

425

First : If thy Partner has a gen'rous Mind,
Avoid all Harshness, in Reproof be kind;
The quicker Sense of Injuries has she,
And least of all can bear a Wound from thee;
Nor hate thy Tenderness, nor shew thy Pow'r, 430
And she shall love and blest thee ev'ry Hour.
Do not, if thou abroad hast held fierce Strife,
Bestow thy Malice on thine helpless Wife;
Why thou ungrateful does thine Anger burn?
She counts the Hours and sighs for thy Return; 435
If thou exceed thy Time, what anxious Cares
Her faithful Bosom fill! what horrid Fears
Of dire Mischance! and how does she rejoice
At length to hear thy Footsteps and thy Voice!
How leaps her Heart, how sweetly smiles, how springs 440
To meet, and tell thee twenty thousand things!

But ah how griev'd, should she no Welcome find !

What Disappointment think, if thou'rt unkind !

As lately walking through the busy Throng,

Aloof a beauteous Female pass'd along; 445

My Fancy call'd her Celia; sure 'twas she;

And lovely Celia is the World to me;

With eager Joy I flew to meet my Fair,

But ah ye Pow'rs ! my Charmer was not there !

So Husband shall thy Comfort droop if thou 450

With Sullenness approach, and clouded Brow;

So fall her lovely Countenance, if she

Shall find a Stranger in the place of thee;

But mark me ; Do not tempt thy Fate, for know

That thou shalt have an equal Share of Woe; 455

Thus injur'd, shall her Indignation dart,

And like a barbed Arrow wound thy Heart.

Do

Do thou avoid the Bacchanalian Crew,
 Or thou unkind wilt prove, perhaps untrue;
 In such Assemblies oft the muddled Fool 460
 Will prate of absolute Domestic Rule;
 Thine Understanding drown'd in Sea of Wine,
 His shallow Arguments seem wond'rous fine;
 Nodding thy Head, attentive dost thou sit,
 To thee is Nonsense Reason, Folly, Wit; 465
 A thousand things then rush into thy Mind;
 Thy Wife is faulty, thou hast been too kind,
 Thy Conduct must be alter'd, she must mend,
 And thou must ask Advice of this thy Friend;
 And this his Counsel, ruinous to thee! 470
 To treat thy Consort with Severity;
 Thus doubly curs'd with Wine and fell Advice,
 Thou mak'st an Hell of late thy Paradise.
 If thou would'st keep thy Morals and thy Peace,
 In early Hours let noisy Bacchus cease; 475
 Remember that a thousand Ills combine
 To fall on him that is oppress'd with Wine;

Nor Joys can Bacchanalian Rites afford,
 To equal thy Domestic, peaceful Board;
 For transitory Mirth it were well to roam,
 But lasting Happiness is found at home.

Let not thy Spouse thy keen Repentment find
 Though all her Kindred are to thee unkind;
 Say, tell me thou unjust, is she to blame?
 Is not thy Int'rest and thy Wife's the same?
 What Injuries, what Ills dost thou sustain
 That give not her an equal Share of Pain?
 She kindly did from Parent's Wings depart
 To dwell with thee, and must she lose thy Heart?
 If others give thee Cause of Discontent,
 For others Faults shall she meet Punishment?
 What more canst thou expect, if she preserves
 Her Love for thee, nor ought from Virtue swerves;
 Thy Cause espouses, counts thy Foes her own,
 And places Happiness in thee alone?

In thee deceiv'd, on whom can she rely?
 By thee abandon'd, whither can she fly?
 On thee and thee alone she now depends,
 And thy Affection is her sole amends.

O Husband if Benevolent thou art, 500
 If sweet Humanity possess thy Heart,
 When Death thy Comfort's nat'ral Friends shall seize,
 To heal the Wound, her Sorrows to appease,
 Increase thy Kindness, still thy Love extend,
 And be thou Father, Mother, ev'ry Friend. 505

When Sickness shall her tender Frame possess,
 And Dissolution threatens, and Pains depress;
 Call'd by Humanity and Love, attend
 And strive to comfort thy unhappy Friend;
 O summon all thy Tendernefs, for she 510
 Now only meditates on Heav'n and thee;
 Tho' chang'd her Countenance, unchang'd her Heart,
 And ah! thy Love exceeds the Doctor's Art:

Behold

Behold how thou hast rais'd her drooping Head!
 Attention is recall'd, Disease seems fled;
 At thy Approach she seems new Strength to gain;
 And for a Moment can forget her Pain.

See—See, thy Presence can new Life impart,
 See she revives and cheers each drooping Heart;
 Her languid Eyes their wonted Rays resume;
 Again she smiles, and Gladness fills the Room.

So while the Sun sends forth his cheering Ray,
 Oft fable Clouds appear and dim the Day;

The feather'd Warblers cease their Notes, and flee
 For timely Shelter to the spreading Tree;
 Man feels the sudden Gloom; the darken'd Skies
 Bid Joy depart, and Melancholy rise;

A sudden Chillness runs thro' ev'ry Vein,
 And ev'ry Prospect fills the Soul with Pain;
 The Cloud o'erpass, again Sol glads the Day;
 And Nature welcomes his returning Ray.

Ah Husband still be kind! thou see'st thy Power,
 Give to thy Consort ev'ry vacant Hour;
 Perhaps kind Heav'n, who goodness e'er repays,
 May with its healing Hand the Suffer raise 505
 To Life and Health; perhaps restore her Charms
 To glad thy faithful Heart, and bless thine Arms;
 Then warm with Gratitude shall she confess
 Thy wond'rous Truth, and bless thy tenderness;
 And, as she holds thee in her gentle Arms, 510
 Her Countenance shall shine with added charms,
 Such charms as will Descriptions weakness prove;
 For who can paint the Eye of grateful Love!
 Sweet Harmony shall be thy Guest, and peace,
 And ev'ry Day thy happiness increase. 515

So when the Patriarch great Job was prov'd,
 Firmly he stood, nor ought from duty mov'd;
 And Heav'n, who ev'ry secret Thought can scan,
 Survey'd, delighted, the unequall'd Man;

From deepest Mis'ry kindly did him raise, 550

And with new Blessings crown'd his latter Days.

In Company, the Partner of thy Care

Thy Conversation equally should share;

Good breeding teaches thee alike respect

To ev'ry one, then why wilt thou neglect 555

Thy plighted Love, why inattentive now!

Why that Impatience, and contracted Brow!

Hast thou forgot the Hours, the Days of Pain;

Thy toils and watchings, one kind Look to gain!

With Expectation fix'd upon thy Face, 560

Oft hast thou sigh'd, and often chang'd thy Place;

Beheld all others with a Rival's Frown,

And inly curs'd all Notice but thy own;

How oft of Fate, of cruelty complain'd!

How joy'd thy Heart when she has converse deign'd! 565

Then did Attention wait with greedy Ear,

And ev'ry look of hers thine Eye held dear;

As Victims plead for Life, didst thou for Love,
 And vow'd to equal the unchanging Dove;
 And soon as she confess'd herself thy Prize, 570
 Joy overflow'd thy Heart, and fill'd thine Eyes;
 Delighted didst thou hail thy future Spouse,
 Nor Torrent pour'd more rapid than thy Vows.
 In this thy Day, O Husband let her find
 That thou art generous, as she was kind; 575
 With mildness ever be thy Speech address'd,
 And carefully avoid the biting Jest;
 Once did I see, by Husband-wit disgrac'd,
 Dejected Worth in lonely corner plac'd;
 Her languid Smiles and drooping Eyes confess 580
 What Speech conceal'd; her Soul was Sorrows guest;
 To quell the rising Sigh and hide her Pain,
 To wave each bitter Jest and Mirth regain,
 Greatly indeed she strove, but strove in vain.
 Too much to bear, each noble Effort fail'd 585
 To stop the coming Tear, and Grief prevail'd.

But

But tho' thus wrong'd, tho' thus her Heart was pain'd,
 Yet silently she sat; nor once complain'd;
 Good Humour, blest Attendant, winning Grace,
 With Mirth and Happiness forsook the Place,
 While glowing Shame deep colour'd ev'ry Face,
 Bid ev'ry Eye look down, bid Silence reign,
 And ev'ry worthy Heart was fill'd with Pain.
 Let this be ne'er thy Fault, if thou hast Wit;
 Be Vice thy aim, gay Folly strive to hit,
 For only this did Heav'n thy Wit intend,
 To probe corrupted Minds, not wound thy Friend;
 For this good Purpose was the Talent giv'n,
 And do not thou pervert the Gift of Heav'n;
 Give thou no worthy Heart a Moment's Pain,
 But strive to add to Virtue's smiling Train,
 And this be thy Reward; Love shall caress
 Thy blooming Youth; thy Age shall Friendship bless;
 And Multitudes attend to hear thee teach,
 And grateful Approbation crown thy Speech!

Do not tho' Mirth shall revel in thy Heart
 From Delicacy's strictest Rules depart ;
 Politely entertain the Female Ear,
 Nor let thy Wife indecent Language hear ;
 Indecent Language is both mean and rude ; 610
 Not Marriage gives a Sanction to the Lew'd ;
 Hymen tho' sweetly fond, is ever chaste,
 With Delicacy all his Words are grac'd ;
 His Speech what lift'ning Virtue will approve,
 For nought he breathes but Purity and Love. 615

The Man can neither be, or good, or wise,
 Who does not Female Delicacy prize ;
 For say ; what Man or good or wife could bear
 To see bright Virtue Vice's Liv'ry wear ?
 To form the tender Mind, and Virtue teach, 620
 Can she be fit who joys in Harlot's Speech ?
 Thou Husband art the Guide, thy Family
 Will e'er their Conduct regulate by thee ;

If

If thou so lost to Sense, so base, so mean,
 Thy Spouse t' accustom to Discourse obscene,
 Decorum shall forsake her, painful Thought
 And thou shalt curse the Change thyself has wrought.

The Weight of Business is for thee to bear;
 And to thy Wife belongs the Household Care;
 Ever let her conduct thy Family,
 For Household Business will become not thee;
 The Man that would usurp the Kitchen Rule,
 The Women ever term a busy Fool.

Let harmless Visitors o'er harmless Tea,
 Nor meet Affront, nor see Dislike in thee;
 Unjust it were to grudge thy faithful Spouse
 Whate'er Amusement Innocence allows;
 And keep this useful Maxim in thy Mind;
 "Thousands affirm what we have ne'er design'd,
 But few report us better than they find."

Seldom command, but seek Persuasion's Aid ;
 Convince, and gladly thou shalt be obey'd ;
 If Reason pleads against thee, urge not still,
 'Tis Reason, not thy Wife, disputes thy Will ;
 As Arbitrator Reason turns the Scale, 645
 Sometimes must thou, and sometimes she prevail ;
 On equal Terms the happiest Couples live,
 Or gladly take Advice, or gladly give :
 An happy Marriage may be thus defin'd ;
 " Two Persons guided by one upright Mind." 650

Be careful of the self-conceited Fool
 Who turns Things Sacred into Ridicule ;
 Sometimes have I the given Plaudit heard,
 When instant Judgment might been justly fear'd ;
 Too oft Blasphemers can the Thoughtless please ; 655
 And Marriage is a standing Jest with these ;
 Remember Vice is always painted fair,
 And let not these thy Conversation share,

Left thou in time their Principles approve,
And curse the sacred Union and thy Love. 660

One Lesson more, the last my Muse shall give,
"Be it thy fix'd Endeavour so to live,
That others tempted by thy happy Fate,
May seek fair Virtue, and the Marriage-State."

Be such the Conduct of my future Life,
And such the Conduct of my future Wife;
I value not if long ear'd Folly sneer,
For I perhaps in turn may laugh at her;
Give me the Blessings of domestic Peace,
Let Envy sigh, and Slander never cease;
If Equity my Conduct will not blame,
I bid Defiance to the Breath of Fame!

E R R A T A.

Line 138 for Charm, read Charms. L. 173 for was, read is;
L. 209 for her, read his. L. 227 read wrinkled.